

EXTENSIONS OF REMARKS

TRIBUTE TO GEOFFREY SACKETT

HON. LYNN C. WOOLSEY

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, October 19, 1995

Ms. WOOLSEY. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to Mr. Geoffrey Sackett, a man who lived a remarkable life in Marin County, CA before he tragically passed away at the age of 48.

As a young child, Geoffrey Sackett was motivated to reach inside himself, to find and foster a courage that cruel necessities demanded. He spent 2 years of his childhood fighting polio, only to recover and face yet another disease, diabetes. Geoffrey celebrated his entry into adulthood with a quadruple heart bypass operation. Again, he was struck, only this time with an illness he couldn't beat—AIDS. And, again, Geoffrey found the strength to endure a long, long struggle with a terrible disease.

Last summer, Geoffrey's battles with his own body ended as his glorious spirit finally flickered out. Marin County, the State of California, and indeed our entire country, lost a treasure with Geoffrey Sackett's death.

Geoffrey's family and friends marveled at his ability, even as a child, to endure through debilitating diseases with little complaint. Geoffrey was always too busy helping others, and too busy working to make the world more humane.

As part of his commitment to making the world a better place, Geoffrey strove to keep others free from AIDS through the Needle Exchange Program in Marin County. He worked with the Marin County Board of Supervisors to have a state of emergency declared in Marin County, thus allowing for a legal needle exchange program. He spent countless hours, in the cold, in the rain, in the streets and in the parks, exchanging clean needles nonjudgmentally to humans in need. There are many who will never know his name, but who will live because of his efforts.

Mr. Speaker, it is in those people, and in our hearts, that Geoffrey's great giving spirit lives on. The kindness and generosity Geoffrey demonstrated in his community is an example for us all.

THE LEGACIES OF J. GRAHAM BROWN AND THOMAS C. SIMONS

HON. MIKE WARD

OF KENTUCKY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, October 19, 1995

Mr. WARD. Mr. Speaker, at a public ceremony on October 25, 1995, in my district of Louisville, KY, the memories of two remarkable Louisvillians, J. Graham Brown and Thomas C. Simons, will be honored. This special ceremony will include the unveiling of bronze statues of the two gentlemen.

J. Graham Brown and Thomas Simons, each successful in business in their own right, were both deeply committed to assuring the strength and vibrancy of our community. Their contributions are many and it is most appropriate to recognize them.

The corner of 4th and Broadway in Louisville, home to the grand Brown Hotel, serves as a connection between the lives of J. Graham Brown and Thomas Simons. J. Graham Brown opened his magnificent building for guests in 1923, and over the years the hotel has provided lodging for many, many visitors to our city.

In 1982, Thomas Simons spearheaded a drive to renovate the Brown Hotel. After 2 years of dedicated work, it opened once more in all its glory.

Mr. Speaker, I am proud to join in paying tribute to J. Graham Brown and Thomas C. Simons. The residents of visitors to Louisville will forever be the beneficiaries of their foresight.

DR. CHARLES A. BRADY—THE NAME BURNS BRIGHTLY

HON. JOHN J. LaFALCE

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, October 19, 1995

Mr. LaFALCE. Mr. Speaker,

Gold passes.

Kinsmen die.

Die we, too, in the end.

One thing only dies never—

The bright name one wins for oneself.

Thorvald Erikson, brother of Leif Erikson, sings this verse as he dies following an epic battle in "This Land Fulfilled."

Mr. Speaker, this past spring I included in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD the obituary and a related article on the passing of Dr. Charles Brady, a native western New Yorker and one of this country's brightest intellectual beacons.

Today I submit the following eulogy of Dr. Brady which was delivered by his son Erik. Dr. Brady left us with volumes of his writings, which include novels, short stories, poems, children's stories, critical essays, and reviews. This eulogy, however, helps us better understand why he left too a name that continues to burn so brightly.

CHARLES A. BRADY—APRIL 15, 1912—MAY 5, 1995

Charles A. Brady died May 5, 1995, at 12:58 p.m. at Sisters Hospital in Buffalo. He was 83. This eulogy was delivered by his son Erik on May 8 at a Mass of Christian Burial at Christ the King Chapel on the campus of Canisius College.

Mark Twain said biographies are the clothes and buttons of a man—they tell you something about him, but not nearly enough. Charles Brady felt much the same about eulogies. He said they too often told too much about what a man did and not often enough about who he was.

I'll try not to make that mistake today. We all know the wonderful things Dad did—

the books he wrote, the students he taught, the literary criticism he crafted. So let's talk instead about who he was.

He was a man who loved books, to be sure. But he also loved family, friends, tennis and cats—if not not always in that order.

He loved Christmas, too. Not the Christmas of colored lights and shopping malls, but the real thing. The World Made Flesh. Take his homemade Christmas cards from a lifetime and his Christmas poems from America, the Jesuit magazine which has run them since 1948, and you have a wide-ranging look not at the Ghost of Christmas Past but at the essence of the Christmas story—its mystery, its beauty, its strangeness.

That he was attracted to stories of the Incarnation more than of the Resurrection tells you something about him. I think. Maybe it is as simple as the difference between birth and death.

He did not dwell on death, though it often seemed not far off. He'd been in precarious health for more than 35 years. The temptation is to say he was living on borrowed time, except that would not be correct. Here is a man who hated to borrow anything maybe money most of all. If you picked up a quart of milk for him he wanted you to have back the \$1.67 before you sat down. So, no, there was nothing borrowed about these last decades and years. The time was all his, for which we are all most grateful.

His last first cousin on the Brady side died in 1990, leaving him as an unlikely patriarch, the last of his generation of 60-some Brady first cousins. The last of his five beloved brothers, Joe, died in 1988. We all grieve in different ways. Dad added some lines to a poem he had written about Joe and himself some 40 years earlier. Among the appended lines were these:

Remember how we used to clip our scores

Out of the sporting pages the next day?

Today I clip your ultimate score, my brother,

From the page they call the Irish sporting page

In Buffalo bars—we're Irish enough for that. They grouse, those drinkers, if their friends' obituaries

Run too short; the same if they run too long. Yours is exactly right, I think, my brother. It's all down here: the things that really counted. . . .

Only one thing wrong about all this, O my brother.

On the day they post new pairings, you'll not be around

To clip my final score as I clip yours.

Well, we are all around to clip Dad's final score, and his is exactly right, too, for which we can thank Karen: It's all there, the things that really counted, the tennis victories and poetry awards, the books and book reviews.

Take all he wrote and read across a lifetime of writing and reading then consider this preposterous fact: He was allergic to printer's ink! Michaelangelo may as well have been allergic to paint.

Because he wrote like an angel. And his ability to dissect the writing of other literary angels was so widely known some scholars consider his criticism of C.S. Lewis and Sigrid Undset the definitive studies in this country. He corresponded with both. Letters he received from Lewis are in Oxford's Bodleian Library. And just last fall, an

• This "bullet" symbol identifies statements or insertions which are not spoken by a Member of the Senate on the floor.

Matter set in this typeface indicates words inserted or appended, rather than spoken, by a Member of the House on the floor.